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50 pieces of White Sheer India Linen. 10c grade. Special, 64c yd.

20c and 25c Ecru India Linen, fine and sheer. 36 in. Special 10c yd.

case of fine sheer plaid and striped White Organdie Lawn. Usual price 15c to 25c. Special 112c

25c grade Figured and Dotted

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A Full-sized Sofa \$2.⁵⁰

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We lay particular stress upon the quality of these articles. Their value can't be duplicated at these prices in the cash stores. We're willing to let you have them for a promise to pay a little each week or each month. No notes-no interest -your promise is enough.

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KING'S PALACE New Department Store. BIGGEST BARGAINS IN TOWN.
812-814 7th St. 715 Market Space.

Questionable Kindness.

(From the Chicago Chronicle.)

The Kentucky distillers who propose to send 50,000 bottles of whisky to Cuba for the American soldiers when they occupy the island are patriots of a moist and perhaps dublous type. Possibly the Kentuckians have read the scientific claim that a man who takes twenty drinks of whisky per day is impervious to mosquito bites. But as the bottles they propose to send hold only one drink each we must conclude that the mosquito theory was foreign to their intentions and that real, o'd-fashioned Kentucky patriotism inspired the gift.

PUEBLO WOMEN AND THEIR WAY

Nothing "New" About These Primitive Indian Squawe.

They Still Grind Corn. Weave Blan kets, Make Quaint Pottery and Are Content.

In the Century Magazine for May, sup the Enchanted Mesa," there is an article on old Mesa life by Fernand Lungren who gives an interesting picture of the modes of living and of the Pueblo woman's place in the community. When the men went down to the fields the pueblo ers, the women, says Mr. Lungren. In these old communities the woman was She was the owner of the house and all it contained. She built it and furnished it with its utensils of daily use. The children traced descent through the mother and took her clan name. The man's osition, other than mere provider, was that of an honored guest; and if he pre med disagreeably on his position mor likely than not he was sent back to his

likely than not he was sent back to his own home. Far from being the general slave and pack animal that is her sister of the plains tribes, the Pueblo woman's duties were purely domestic, and if she ever worked in the fleid it was for the common good, to save the scanty harvest in time of need.

The grinding of the many-colored corn for bread, the weaving and the making of pottery were her principal occupations, and are to this day. The Pueblo Indians are, par excellence, the potters of the southwest, and it will be confessed that they come fairly by the title, as an examination of some of the old-time ware will prove, although in this case, as in some others, the evolution has not been others, the evolution has not bee for the better. Through these pottery forms and their decorations runs one of the strongest chains binding the old to the new. Near me are two tinajas, or water

One is many generations, perhaps cen-turies, old; the other perhaps five years, and yet in shape and general decoration they are much alike, and if the newer one were properly "toned" they would pass as of the same period. Near the potter, gossiping with her neighbor, sits a wo-man weaving, and here a change is seen. man weaving, and here a change is seen. They had no wool then, cotton and skins being, with the yucca, the only textile. Yucca was to the Indian what the bamboo is to the Asiatic. It gave them needles and thread and cloth to use them on and eptered in a hundred was the seen of the and entered in a hundred ways into the

economics of daily life. Near by young girls and old women hung over the "mealing box" of stones, and with the rubbing stone ground the bright red, blue and yellow corn into fine grained, variegated meal upon the metate; and others, mixing it to a paste, quickly spread it in thin layers on a broad, hot stone, and then, defuly picking it up, rolled or folded it into many-hued bundles of peckee (matsu), or "paper" bread. So the day wore on, and when the sun had melt-ed his way lato the meass in the west, flooding all the valley with a golden glory, barred at the horizon by long lines of olue and purple cliffs, up the trail, becase of the mesa, each with graceful carriage, poising upon her head an olla, or tinaja, of water for the household's com-

MATTING FOR WALLS.

Unique Substitute for Paper Havins a Temporary Reign.

Wall paper is probably not doomed-it would take something of a revolution in louse decoration ideas to bring that about-but it has a rival in the affections of people who want something unique in val is matting, especially Chinese mat-tings, and the idea is to cover a wall from floor to ceiling with them. Nothing of this sort has ever been suggested by the lecorators before, though strips of mateven as dados. To cover every inch of the four walls of a room with matting is the four walls of a room with matting is a distinct novelty in the beautifying of rooms, however, and where it has been tried it has been halled as a great success. A special grade and special designs of mattings are, of course, used, as the ordinary variety would present no attractiveness on a wall. In every case patterns that show extremely large figures are the thing. Diamonds and stars are high in favor, and squares and blocks made to imitate carpet designs have hard. made to imitate carpet designs have hard

made to imitate carpet designs have naturally less popularity.

In all there are a dozen or more new and fresh patterns peculiarly adapted to nailing upon walls. Bed and white and green and white are the colors that are used. The blue and white matting has ot come into vogue yet for wall decor

WOMAN VS. WOMAN.

One Lost Her Case Rather That

Although Mrs. Annie Irving Keller has been a successful practicing lawyer in Camden, N. J., for over a year, not all the members of her own sex have as yet become aware of the fact. Some of them seem to object strongly to women appearing as advocates in court. Of these is Mrs. Harriet Walton, who a few days ago was resisting her landlord's attempt to oust her from certain premises. Mrs. Keller appeared for Mrs. Lizzie Barker, owner of the house, who claimed and proved that the rent had not been paid. Mrs. Walton brought a counter claim for Mrs. Walton brought a counter claim for repairs which had been made on the

premises.
"Who ordered the work done?" asked "Who ordered the work done?" asked Mrs. Keller.

"What's that your business?" asked Mrs. Walton. "Let Mrs. Barker attend to her own fights."

This dumbfounded Mrs. Keller for a

moment, and then she said: "I'm Mrs. Barker's attorney and you must answer "Must, eh? Well, I don't answer ques

"Must, en: Wen, I don't answer derived itons for no woman, attorney or no attorney." was the reply. "You've got nothing to do with it. That man over there," pointing to Judge Joline, who was convulsed with laughter. "Is the honor in the

Mrs. Keller insisted, the judge ordered nd Mrs. Walton's attorney coaxed in ain. The verdict went sgainst the wit-less and she was ordered to move. "Courts are come to apretty pass when women are to boss them," she said as she left the court, followed by a hearty peal of laughter from all present.—Chroago Chronicle.

A Terrible Test. terested in me to the exclusion of othe girls," says a captivating girl, "I at one out him to a test which is calculated to bring his true nature to the surface. make an engagement with him to go of somewhere at 8 o'clock in the morning biles. But as the bottles they propose to send hold only one drink each we must conclude that the mosquite theory was foreign to their intentions and that real, old-fashioned Kentucky patrictism inspired the gift.

Ray Ridge.

This delightful excursion resort on the Chesapeake Bay opens for the season on Saturday, 18th. Trains leave B. & O. depot 9:30 a. m. and 4:20 p. m. week days; 9:35 a. m., 1:30 and 3:15 p. m. Sundays. Round trip, 50 cents for adults and 25 cents for children.

Your credit is good at Lansburgh's Furniture House. 13th and F sts. oc2-tf

THEY POSE AS "KNOW-ALLS."

With Their Universal Knowledge. It is one of the curious fads of our da that almost everyone you meet poses at possessing universal knowledge. No subist. We all affect to know everything under the sun, and to have skimmed th cream off every topic. There seems to be a kind of false shame that keeps us from admitting our ignorance, and that role of a bogus savant.

Nothing could be more absurd that music, of literature, of the drama, are so wide that the wisest might well despair, in the short space of a mere lifetime, of learning even the rudiments of one, yet every day we meet women who calmly affect a profound knowledge of them all affect a profound knowledge of them all. They talk glibly of how they adore classical music, and rave over Padercwski. yet go to concerts, and applaud in the wrong places. They discourse about values and feeling in pictures, yet don't know an etching from a photogravure when they see one. They rave over Old Chelsea and Royal Worcester, yet the only way they can tell them from new only way they can tell them from new American china is by the price tag. They have always read the last new book, and seen the last interesting thing in the magnatine—"that dear what-you-may-call-it, by that adorable Thingumbobby, don't you know?" Their path in life is paved by such mistakes, yet they go serenely on, utterly unaware that they have only made their ignorance laughable by their transparent pretensions.
Of course a thirst for knowledge is in every way commendable, but insamuch as nobody can know it all, it is hard to see nobody can know it ali, it is naru to see why we should have so much hesitation in saying simply, "I don't know," concerning matters with which we are unacquainted. The ignorance of the stupid is tiresome, but the ignorance of the intelligent is the most delightful stimulus to conversation. What so entrancing as to be able to describe some bit of scenery, some able to describe some bit of scenery, some historical spot, to an interested listener, who has never seen it, but whose quick fancy paints the picture as you talk? What so charming as to be able to tell some reading person of the delights of a new book they are sure to like, but have somehow missed in the rush of new pub-lications from the press? Their "I don't know" is open sesame to the enchanted cave of talk, frim which you may bring out all the treasures of your knowledge.
With women this attitude of pretending to know it all is peculiarly foolish.
It has been remarked before now that the

It has been remarked before now that the girl with the artiless and inquiring air, who was a good listener and had few opinions, could marry seven times to the clever girl's once. She never swells the ranks of the girl bachelors. A good wife has also been described as a woman who never remind her husband that she had heard his jokes before, and who could maintain an interested expression while she listened to his twice-told tales. It is human nature. We all like to be the one who has the pleasure of enlightenis human nature. We all like to be the one who has the pleasure of enlightening others. It is subtly flattering to our self-love; but, alas, in these days how seldom do we get the chance! We all pretend to have seen and heard it all, and there is no longer anybody left who will listen. Desirable as knowledge undoubtedly it, it is none the less true that there are times and seasons when knorance is still bilss, and among our most delightful acquaintances are those who do not know everything. — Philadelphia Times.

HOT WEATHER CURE.

One Girl Practices Faith Cure for Coolness Only.

only way to keep cool in weather like this is to keep busy." said a young woman whose collar stood up with a rigidity discouraging to see, "In the winter I like woolly clothes and warm drinks and big fires, but in summer I believe in Christian science faith cure and the other mystic and comforting creeds that go in for suggestion and mental calisthenics. It sounds serious doesn't tr? But it's simple. Now, you know, the Christian scientists and the Theosophists hold that one can think one's self into any state of being. They tell a story of a man who was so found of truth, and pondered over it so deeply, that he became not alone incapable of telling a lie himself, but also able to distinguish a tie "Poor man; that was very sad," mur-

nured the woman with the big fan. "His was doubtless an extreme case But the principle is good for summer weather. If one has not moral force enough to feel cool at will one can as least ignore the fact that it is a warm One's mind can be kept cool, and half the battle is won. I never talk about the heat—except to give people advice on how to keep cool—and I never wear a low collar. I don't subjugate my coffure to the temperature, and I don't permit my good humor to fluctuate with

termilk, instead of tea or coffee or ice water. Now, I don't look warm, do I?" "No, you don't." came reluctantly from the wielder of the fan. "But everyone doesn't show her feelings." "It's a good plan in this curl-destroy-

ing, complexion-ruining climate. One gets the credit of being what one looks, and nothing more nor less, in a big and busy city like this. The battle is to hide one's feelings from one's self. a splendid idea. Carry a parasol, drink buttermilk, and try it."



than that of the railroad wreck, only we do not have them brought so forcibly to our attention. Consumption does not kill a hundred people at once in one train. It does kill tens of thousands for every one that is killed by accident.

If a sufferer will resort to the right remedy before it is too late, consumption can be cured. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures of per cent of all cases if taken in the earlier stages. It has minitained this record for thirty years. Many of those whom it has rescued from the verge of the grave have permitted their names, addresses, experiences and photographs to be printed in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This useful book is free, and any sufferer who wishes graphs to be printed in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This useful book is free, and any sufferer who wishes to investigate may procure it and write to those who were once sufferers themselves. For a paper covered copy send 21 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It restores the lost appetite, corrects the impaired digestion, makes the liver active and the blood pure. Any medicine dealer who offers you something else said to be "just as good" is thinking about his pocketbook and not about your health.

GREAT DAYS. GREAT TIMES

How the New Girl Celebrates Her College Day.

lasketball. Flost Ceremonies an Other Games Make Up the Programs ot Verious Schools.

Basketball day is the day of the year at Smith College so far as college sports are ncerned. Then occurs the champ ontest between picked teams from the Freshman and Sophomore Classes, which s in reality the closing exercise of the required gymnastic work of the year. For weeks before the game a state of supcollege, which is divided into two great basketball parties, the Juniors supporting the Freshmen, the Seniors the Soph

In college circles it is counted among the honors to be on the team, for its nembers must have fulfilled two conditions: They must have passed their colege examinations, as well as be able to play basketball. Early in the year rumor tells of this girl and that girl who is sure to be on the team. On this flour ishing crop of candidate the mid-winter ishing crop of candidate the mid-winter examinations fall like a bighting frost. "Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left." If being on the team does not count in college records, college records count in being on the team.

The day of the game comes at last, and the college campus is one blase of class colors—green, red, purple, yellow; flags, sashes, neckties, rosettes, flowers, Long before the hour for the game to be called Freshmen and Juniors have lined up on one side of the gymnasium, and Sophomores and Seniors on the other, and the songs begin. Some are old favorites of college tradition; others are new, composed for the occasion, with a larger level. There is a lamost new, composed for the occasion, with plenty of local color. There is almost as much rivalry be; ween the classes in securing good "hits" for the songs as good balls for the baskets. "Tune, "Johnnie, Get Your Gun:"

Try to get the ball,
Get the ball, ball, ball,
Try to get the ball,
Get the ball '98!
Try to get the ball,
Get the ball '98!
Try to get the ball,
Get the ball, ball, ball,
Try to get the ball,
Stou are just too late.
You may try to get the ball, get the ball, all day,
But the little leather ball isn't coming your way.

As the faculty come in and take their places on the platform reserved for them, they are greeted with bursts of applause they are greeted with bursts of appliause and an appropriate "toast" from the side whose colors they display. At last the diplomatic president appears, wearing the colors of both sides.

Here's to President Sedye-brink kim down! Drink him down! Here's to President Sedye-For he's so good now, really-Drink him down! Drink him down! Drink him down, down, down.

Then the teams come in, and there is a our of intense excitement-and the soph omores have won. It is a tragedy when the freshmen win, which has been the the freshmen win, which has been the case only once in the history of basket-bell at Smith College. They usually come to the game with hearts schooled for de-

to me game wan nearm schooled for de-feat, but cheered by the thought that it will be "their turn next year." Wellenley is favored above her sister colleges in the possession of a lake, beau-tiful Waban, and Wellesiey sports center for the most part about this lake, the glofor the most part about this lake, the glory of her exampus. One of the great days is "Float day." The float ceremonies take place on a beautiful June evening, if possible when the moon is full. One by one the boars shoot out from the darkening banks, with gayly dressed crows and floating pennants, until the whole lake seems afloat with fair; craft. The moon rises, and the boats shape themselves into a star, and for an hour Lake Waban rings with old gless held sacred to the occasion by college-traducton, and perhaps a new boating song oritwo. And when at last the night threatens to hide this fairy scene, rockets. Roman candless tiny balloons and brillant colored fire burst out of the dark woods above, and drive away the soft shades of evening with a blaze of red and gold. If

away the same blaze of red and gold. If "Tree day" at Wellesley occurs in May, and is a college froite, pure and simple. To this "fellowship of kindred souls" old girls come back, forgetting for one day, at least, that they are dignified matrons at least, that they are dignified matrons. nd hard-working school teachers. and hard-working know counters; sprites, gnomes and goblins haunt every corner of the big campus. They form into a procession, which threads in afid out among the trees, finally separating into groups to romp and dance about their class trees.

among the freed, many separation groups to romp and dance about their class trees.

Vassar's most picturesque ceremony is the "daisy chain," which forms a part of the Tree-day exercises. Sophomares, two by two, come down the winding walks under the great trees, bearing on their shoulders a daisy rope.

Proserpine picking flowers, herself a fairer flower Arrived at the tree, the Seniors are en-closed in a charmed circle-ninety feet of daisy chain. Vassar, as the oldest of the women's colleges, scorns the idea of planting a treee. Her classes prefer to adopt some sturdy old guard of the cameath its watchful shad Smith's class day is called "Ivy day," and the Seniors add a new vine to the

lvy round her towers growing, Alma Mater.

The glory of the day is the long pro cession winding over the campus through the freshness of the morning to the main building, where the ivy is to be planted. A hundred and fifty girls in line, two and two, like a soft white cloud resting on the campus, with never a hint of color but the flowers in their hands and the sun of hair-"Cornelia's jewels."-Harper'

About German Housewives. There is a general idea that Germa nousewives are very much overworked o native land. This the German housewive on this side deny, says the New York es. "German women on the othe side do not work nearly as hard as we do here," one of them said the other day. "I do not know of anyone there who ha my mother and I have here. In the first place, the greater number of Germans live in apartments. These are more simply furnished, and then service is more rea-

WELL FED, WELL BRED.

Proper Food Makes Brainy Men and Beautiful Women.

To know just what to eat is a problem for many people who find their strength and health not keeping up to a proper stage. From food we must expect our bodily nourishment, and not from drugs. True, a physician's care is required at times, but the true physician will always seek to put his patient on properly selected food and drink.

True, a physician's care is required at times, but the true physician will always seek to put his patient on properly selected food and drink.

A food expert has discovered Grape-Nuts by experimenting on the treatment of grains to artificially pre-digest the starches (the principal part). Grape-Nuts, as now made by the Postum Cereal Co., Lim., of Battle Creek, Mich., and sold by grocers generally, is a delicious, dainty, suitable particularly for the brain worker, as it quickly supplies the parts of food the body needs to supply the daily loss produced by brain work. Unless the right food be furnished and properly digested, the individual discovers a gradual falling and some form of disease sets up.

Users of Grape-Nuts discover that they assist in the digestion of cream and other food, and that a "well-fed feeling" follows their use.



Wealth without ability to enjoy it. Food and no appetite. Every energy strained to money-getting and none to health-saving. Offtimes all the strungles and grassing and not even makey to show for it.

Prof. Munyon would make it so easy to save health that not even a miser would neglect it. His remedies are at every drug store. HIS GUIDE TO HEALTH is there, too, at all of them, and free to every asker.

PERMANENTLY CURED.

Mr. Reuben B. Green, 116 Union court moethwest. Washington, D. C., mys: "For several mooths I suffered tearfully setth rheumation in the arms, kness, legi and feet. My fingers were drawn and stiff. My limbs were crispled and stiff, and I could not sleep on account of the intense pain. It required two canes to enable me to walk. I was treated by several doctors, and used many kinds of medicine, but they did not busefit me. A friend advised me to try Munyon. I began using his Rheumatism Curc. Relife canes in the first bottle, and a few bottles more entirely cured me. I have had no return of the disease, although that was two years Ago."

623 13th St. N. W.

sonable, and much can be hired that we feel obliged to do ourselves. The more wealthy people, of course, who live in large villas, are able to hire all the extra service they require for the larger amount of work to be done in their larger houses."

"But it is the beautiful relaxation of the German women which is so beneficial the German women which is so beneficial to them, I believe," says the American woman who has traveled abroad. "Amerwoman who has traveled abroad. "American women who have not seen and experienced it cannot appreciate it. In the German coffee gardens, by getting tickets by the month, one pays at the rate of—at one in particular that I knew—2 cents a day. To these gardens the women go every afternoon with their work and to meet their friends. Something of the kind would be a wonderful benefit to our nervous American women."

"Yes, these gardens are a delight," says the German woman. "There is always a

the German woman. "There is always a first-class concert, one gets coffee and brings one's own light luncheon, perhaps. and then there is one's work, so that the time is not wasted. There are always one's friends there, for no one thinks of going to a garden patronized by the peo-ple of a lower class. We miss it here very much. We went to call upon some friends up on the Hudson the other day, but they were not at home. We would glad-ly have gone somewhere then for a cup of coffee, but there was no place. We could hardly have gone out of range of a coffee garden in Germany."

SIMPLE AND SWEET.

An Up-to-Date Girl in Cheap

Confess, now, haven't you a bit of ad-miration for the girl who, despite the frowns of fortune, manages to be attiractively gowned? She deserves it at any rate, a fact which you'll surely admit when you have heard of her latest achievement. What's better, any girl with nimble fingers and good taste may sessor of a charming little frock for a mere song, that is. She need be no Jenny Lind either, To begin with, though, she mustrit start out in cold blood or with malice aforethought, but must rather wait for an inspiration, which will proba-bly seize her when she happens upon a 5-cent bargain counter which no girl in her right mind would allow to be delivered to her address, but, on the other hand, ed to her address, but, on the other hand, there is most likely to be at least one which is just suited both to her complexion and style. So she pounces on her prey to the extent of thirteen yards. Unlucky number? Nonsense, the word unlucky has no place whatever in the vocabulary of this clever maid.

alary of this clever maid.

As for the pattern of this pick-up, it was a china design, white on black-really to end of chic. Of course the skirt was made with a Dewey flounce, some ten nones wide in from and twice that width n she back, the joining being covered by trailing leaf pattern in ecru insertion. a trailing leaf pattern in ecru insertion. The blouse opened over a tucked front, the revers being trimmed with ceru insertion, while the wrinkled sleeves were topped by opaulettes, each formed by bunching three leaf-shaped pleces of the lawn, edged with the insertion. A most chic finish was the stock and belt ribbon of white taffeta. And she's not going to forget to wear with it black Oxfords and black stockings with embroidered white polka dots. The description may not do it justice, so it is well to add that the whole affair is a veritable creation, and the fair owner from this particular standthe fair owner from this particular stand-point the lucklest being alive.

Forbidden Fruit.

One of the most singular cases of kiep-tomania within my knowledge, says a writer in the Chicago Record, has come to light in Stockholm. The victim is no less a personage than Countess de la Gardie, who is about seventy years old, and whose husband is the governor of Linkoping. Her weakness is well known in the highher weakness is well known in the nign-er circles, and everybody winks at her fault. The most peculiar thing about the countess is that she only puriolns food and sweetmeats and fruit. On account of her position she is a guest at almost all of the swell affairs in the Swedish capital. She goes prepared for her adven-tures, having in all her dresses a large oliskin pocket in which she does not hesi-tate to secrete whole fowls, fruits and

confectionery.

The guests know her failing, and place before her tempting viands, and with sidelong glances at their neighbors watch the poor countess stow them away. She watches her chance, and when she thinks the road is clear, down go the articles into her capacious pocket. What she does with the food is more amusing still. If one chance to call on her and refreshment be brought before one, the cake may be one chance to can on her and retreshment be brought before one, the cake may be recognized by its age, if it be not moldy enough to destroy one's appetite for a week. She hoards up the spoil and passes it to her guests, so that a visitor at her home is as likely as, not to be offered

The Busy Corner, S. Kann, Sons & Co.

We Are Specialists In the Sale of

We've a six-day department devoted entirely to 'em. There's buyer and a regular corps of clerks whose whole time and energy devoted to giving better remnant values and greater remnant variety. Half the big New Eugland mills look forward to us when they've short lengths on hand. We've contracts with three of the biggest to take all goods below a certain length. That means remnants always on a par with piece goods. Just as perfect in style—just as fresh—whose only differences lie in their brief lengths and briefer prices.

Here's the Biggest Lot of Bargains in Town.

10,990 yards—a complete shipment of French figured Organdles—the best qualifies that the deft ingenuity of France can loom. And what rich, yet delicate colorings are mongst 'em! They're almost veillike in their lightness. Never 122cc

3,000 yards of the best Lawns that

We'll sell a case of Eta-mine tomorrow—the 12 1-2c. 3.6°C

ured Duck-will make the most stylish of waists. incomparable for bike skiris: 534C worth 12c.

Just one case of these goods for to morrow — Celebrated New York mills Bleached Muslin: 67

A small quantity of very Sheer, plain White Organdle, probably some 600 yards—an exquisite wear; worth

200 yards new and stylish Zephyr Dress Ginghams. It's a hard matter to believe that such rare effects and sterling qualities as these can be sold 54C They're worth 12 1-2c a yard.

300 yards of the best grade of Black Sateen; as lustrous as satin— as black as Cerebus—as fast as the Pyramids, as cheap as —well, there's no comparison there; worth 26c

There are light colorings and dark colorings and mixed colorings. There are large patterns and medium patterns and neat patterns. There are effects in navy and indigo; you won't find better Percales in any way; worth 10 cents

5,909 yards of a good quality Unbleached Muslin—a wonder of cheapness

Yard-wide Crash; a good staunch quality, which never was approached at less than

S. KANN, SONS & CO.,

Eighth and Market Space.

THE LATE MRS. SURBATT.

provel of President Grant. He had served in the United States Army during the civil war, and he had been detailed as assistant chemist in the laboratory of the surgeon general's office, which position

had filled with entire satisfaction.

The trouble was said to be that he had just married. He had married, at that, a woman whom any loyal citizen of the United States ought not marry, according to the views of the supposedly loyal citi-zens of the United States at that particu-

lar time.

William P. Tonry was this man's name, and his bride was Anna E. Surratt. The girl's mother had been hanged a short time before for alleged complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln. At Chickamauga a few days ago, where the Fifth Maryland Volunteers were en the Fifth Maryland Volunteers were en-camped there, they were under command of Gen. Frederick Grant. In that regi-ment were two men-one Reginald I. Ton-ry, sergeant in Company C. commanded by Capt. Thompson, and the other Al-bert S. Tonry, corporal in Company L, commanded by Capt. Boyden. They were the sons of the man who had lost his position because he had married Mrs. Surratt's daughter, and they were grand-sons of Mrs. Surratt.

Surratt's daughter, and they were grand-sons of Mrs. Surratt.

These boys, in fighting for their coun-try, were as loyal as any in the volunteer army—and still are, for they are now ready to go to Cuba—and they gloried in having for their commander the son of a man who had agreed to dismiss their father because he had married their father because he had married their

This incident illustrates the things which have, within the last few months, convinced the skeptical that this is a reunited country. It is right in line with the appointment of Lee, Wheeler and other pugmacious ex-Confederates to commanding positions in the Army of the present day. Gen. Grant's son—the present general—was sworn into office by an ex-Confederate. Lieut. Hobson, the immortal, is and always has been a Southerner, but a Southerner no longer means anything else but an American. While at Chiekamauga Lieut. J. Markham Marshall, a son of the man who was Gen. Lee's sworn enemy.

There are lots of other similar incidents, and all these things count. Almost everybody remembers Mrs. The sound trip, June 18 and 19. Tickets good to return until Monday, ratt's trial and conviction, after John

"Well, that's what I mean exactly. When a man has smallpox isn't he shunned by everybody? I guess you aln't so smart as you think you are. I'm up on the use of words as well as anybody."

To settle it, they made a bet and left it to some one supposed to be an authority on the use of words. The isolated man lost, of course, to his surprise, and then wanted to make a bet of large dimensions and leave the question for decision to some university professor, but neither of the others would put up the money. And now all three are somewhat sore at each other.

Satarday and Sunday Excursions to Baltimore via Pennsylvania Rail—road.

Only \$1.25 round trip, June 18 and 19. Tickets good to return until Monday. June 29. All trains except Congressional Limited.

Wilkes Booth had killed the President THE LATE MRS. SURRATT.

Two of Her Grandsons Are Fighting for Uncle Sam.

On June 21, 1889, a man employed in this city lost his position under peculiar circumstances, and, it is said, with the Aparts of the Stars and Stripes in one of the cruck resignants of the volunteer and the property of the country of the country

era living in Baitimore-John Surratt, who underwent trial for the same crime of which his mother was convicted, and Isaac Surratt, who served in an inde-They are now both in the service of the

(From the Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.) They tell on 'Change of a controversy etween a couple of business men that resulted in hard feelings, which, as yet,

It seems they were talking about the nocessity on so te improvement in the City Hospital concerning infectious diseases. One of them remarked that there should be a place somewhere in the suburbs for infectious cases where children could be by themselves.

"We need," said he, "a hospital where they can be ostracized." they can be ostracized."
"You mean isolated, Ed." said the other.
"No, I don't." he answered; "I mean ostracized, just what I said."
"No, that's the wrong word. Ostracized means to shun. When a man or woman is ostracized in society they are shunned by everyone."
"Well, that's what I mean exactly.

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